

## THE FRUIT OF PLUCK

REV. MADISON C. PETERS HAS A TALK  
WITH YOUNG MEN.

He Says That Luck Blossoms on the Tree  
of Pluck—Waiting For Opportunities.  
The Fastidious Taste—Idleness and Ac-  
tivity—The Seed Basket.

The proverb "Make hay while the sun shines," in its meaning is similar to "Strike when the iron is hot;" "Gather roses while they bloom;" "What may be done at any time will be done at no time;" "Take time while time is, for time will away;" "When the fool has made up his mind, the market has gone by;" "A little too late, much too late;" "Some refuse roast meat and afterward long for the smoke of it," all implying that there are certain seasons or times in which certain things must be done, and if done to good purpose must be done at the proper time.

It has been truly said that "Many do with opportunities as children do at the seashore—they fill their little hands with sand, then let the grains fall through one by one till they are all gone."

"Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life and the neglected opportunity." Opportunities are God's offers. Great opportunities grow out of the wise improvement of small ones. Instead of complaining that your opportunities are not good enough, you had better improve such as you have. Bold ventures may sometimes make a "happy hit," but the old highway of plodding perseverance is the safest road to travel.

No man can get along without an opportunity, but the opportunity is useless unless one can avail himself of it.

Don't try to begin at the top. The men who hold the summit of success have fought their way up from the bottom. Take hold of the humblest piece of work that comes along; push it to success as if it were the grandest thing you ever expected to do. Toil on, shine on.

Don't be too particular where and what you take hold of. Don't seek easy berths. Pat said to his friend, "What would you like to be?" "Well, for a nice, plane, aisy job, I should loike to be a bishop."

Don't be too fastidious in taste. Look at our successful men how they worked: A. T. Stewart swept out his own store. Cornelius Vanderbilt blistered his hands ferrying his boat. John Jacob Astor sold apples on the streets of New York. Stephen Girard at 12 was a cabin boy on a vessel. Greeley rose from "printer's devil" to be the founder and editor of the New York Tribune. From the rail splitting, the tannery and the towpath, Lincoln, Grant and Garfield came to the presidency of the United States. Surely this land has no use for those dandies whose hands are as soft as their heads, and who live off their fathers until they can find a girl who is fool enough to marry them, and then they live off her father.

Young man, do not, Micawberlike, wait for "something to turn up." Go and turn up something yourself. It is not luck, but pluck, which turns the wheel of life. Good luck is Good Pluck with his sleeves rolled up, hard at work making things come out all right. Bad Luck is a man with his hands in his pocket, a pipe in his mouth, wanting only room to spit and waiting to see how things will come out.

Ah! little they know of true happiness,  
They whom satiety fills,  
Who, flung on the rich breast of luxury,  
Eat of the rankness that kills.

But blessed that child of humanity,  
Happiest man among men,  
Who, with hammer or chisel or pencil,  
With rudder or plowshare or pen,  
Laboreth ever and ever.

He the true ruler and conqueror,  
He the true king of his race,  
Who nerveth his arm for life's combat  
And looks the strong world in the face.

Idleness is death; activity is life.  
Luck is a fool. Pluck is a hero. Luck  
blossoms on the tree of pluck. The man  
of pluck will find no time to wait for or  
complain of luck.

Lose this day loitering, 'twill be the same  
story—  
Tomorrow and the next more dilatory.  
The indecision brings its own delays,  
And days are lost lamenting over days.  
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute.  
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.  
Boldness has genius and magic and power in it.  
Only engage, and the mind grows heated.  
Begin, and then the work will be completed.

Grains From My Seed Basket.  
FANCY PICTURES.

It is quite common for young men, and older men, too, who ought to have better sense, to carry pictures of cigarette girls, actresses, etc. Show me what kind of pictures a man likes to look at, and I will tell you what kind of a man he is. Unclean pictures are doing a mighty work for death. Young man, carry your mother's picture with you. Bind it to your bosom, and when tempted to do some evil or to go to some place of evil concourse consult that silent monitor. Draw forth and look upon that face! Oh, with what tremendous, resistless eloquence it would warn, plead and intreat you to keep back from all evil and inspire you to ascend to the realities of eternity.

TRUST NOT TOO FAR.

It is wise not to trust your best friend too far, for he may some day be your enemy. Many who have trusted their friends too far could have cried out with Queen Elizabeth, "In trust I have found treason." Or with Julius Caesar, when stabbed by Brutus, "And thou also, Brutus." Caesar received 20 wounds, mostly at the hands of those whose lives he had spared.

PARTING WORDS.

I must stop now, for if I have driven a nail in a sure place I want to clinch it and secure well the advantage, lest by hammering away I break the head off or split the board. When a woman was asked what she remembered of the minister's sermon, she said: "I recollect very little of it. It was about bad weights and short measures, and I did not recollect anything but to go home and burn the bushel." Promise that me you will do as much, and I will have written enough—for this time.

MADISON C. PETERS.

Observe the Sabbath.

The Sabbath is of divine appointment. To observe it is a personal and a national duty. For some reason the New Testament does not enjoin Sabbath keeping, but we can easily see that it is needed.

There is nothing sacred about the special day of the week, the seventh; only of one day of rest after every six days of work. It is the spirit of the command which we are to observe; and if we keep what we call not the seventh, but the first, it is still the seventh if we begin with Monday.

A holy day—a day of rest, once a week, is the salvation of the people from oppression and overwork. People that rest recover their strength and can do more work. But the rest day is also a day of worship. We can then properly feed our souls. —New York Independent.

## POLICY IN MANNERS.

REV. MADISON C. PETERS SAYS IT  
PAYS TO BE COURTEOUS.

How to Cultivate Good Manners and What  
to Avoid—A Few Thoughts on Piety,  
Charity and Manners to Inferiors—A  
True Gentleman.

Good manners, such as distinguished Lord Chesterfield, are in this country rapidly becoming one of the lost arts, or perhaps we have been too busy in America to pay much attention to the social amenities and refined courtesies of what is called polite life.

A beautiful behavior is the finest of the fine arts. Good manners are the shadows of good morals, if not the morals themselves.

"Manners Makyth Man."

It is true that a man's manners may be the making of him, but as manners are only the expression of the man it would be more proper to say the man makes the manners. Good manners are the results of good sense, good nature and a little self denial for the sake of others. Swift says, "Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse." It is the art of saying and doing the best thing in the kindest way. La Bruyere says, "A man's worth is estimated in this world according to his conduct." The manner of a man determines his reception among his fellows. "Give a boy address and accomplishments," says Emerson, "and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes. He has not the trouble of earning and owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess." "You had better," wrote Chesterfield to his son, "return a dropped fan genteelly than give a thousand pounds awkwardly, and you had better refuse a favor gracefully than grant one clumsily. All your Greek can never advance you from secretary to envoy, or from envoy to ambassador, but your address, your air, your manner of good, may."

The Policy of Politeness.

No policy pays like politeness. Unmannerly actions are among the most expensive luxuries of life. Take two men of equal advantages, but let the one be gentlemanly, kind and obliging, the other, rude, harsh and insolent, and the one will become rich, while the other will starve. What advantage, for instance, did the bookseller on whom Dr. Johnson once called to solicit employment get from his surly, sour and snappish reply, "Go buy a porter's knot and carry trunks?"

What to Avoid.

Avoid the foible, especially of American youth—pretension. Don't be affected or foppish.

Avoid all sourness and austerity of manners.

Be courteous, agreeable, civil, kind, gentlemanly, at home, and you will be likewise in company. Home is the school for all the best things.

The Sun of Life.

Kindness is the sun of life. Give no pain. Say not a word, give not the expression of the countenance that will offend another or send a thrill of pain in his bosom. Kindness is the charm with which the Christian should captivate, and the sword with which to conquer. How true it is that—

A little word in kindness spoken,  
A motion or a tear,  
Has often healed the heart that's broken  
And made a friend sincere!

SACRIFICING THE HEALTH.

Dancing frequently leads to the sacrifice of health. The physical education of women is at the best too much disregarded in this country. Woman's dress is arranged with regard to looks rather than health.

How small is the number of healthy women in the higher classes of society! How pale and languid are the young women when winter is over! Many of them look as if they had just recovered from a long illness. The objections I have to the dance are found in the excessive exercise in a heated and overcrowded room, in the late hours, insufficient apparel, in extravagance and gormandish indulgence at the supper table. Remove or moderate these things, bring this amusement within the bounds of reason, and no sensible man will find fault. Instead of imitating the foolish customs of European society, let good sense—for the sake of novelty, if for nothing else—become fashionable.

The dance takes too great a place and occupies too much time in modern society; it effectually stops intellectual improvement and crowds out intelligent conversation. Conversation is one of the lost arts. Good talkers are almost extinct creatures. Many people's talk is merely an exercise of the tongue. No other human faculty has any share in it. Many men and women are educated failures. It is not enough for women to sit stiff and look wise through double extra eyeglasses. They are oppressive. If at an evening party you should retire to a corner of the room and note the talk of the company and produce a verbatim report of the conversation, each speaker would feel lamentably chagrined at the superficial and trifling character of his or her utterance.

It is a common saying that it is not half so bad to dance at an evening party as it is to be in another room and slander your neighbors. The members of my church are not obliged to do either. Avoid personalities in your conversation. Talk about things instead of conversing about people. People who read and think converse about ideas and things. Of the virtuous woman Solomon says, "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

Nay, speak no ill; a kindly word  
Can never leave a sting behind;  
And oh, to breathe each tale we've heard  
Is far beneath a noble mind.

Consideration For Inferiors.

A well-mannered man is as respectful and considerate to his inferiors as to his equals and superiors. This was the opinion of Chesterfield, who observes: "I am more upon my guard as to my behavior to my servants and to others who are called my inferiors than I am toward my equals, for fear of being suspected of that mean and ungenerous sentiment of desiring to make others feel that difference which fortune has, perhaps too undeservedly, made between us."

Henry Clay, returning a colored servant's salutation by the lifting of his hat, was asked why he did so. He replied that he did not wish the colored man to have better manners than he had.

"No Death."

There is no death! The leaves may fall,  
The flowers may fade and pass away;  
They only wait through wintry hours  
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form  
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;  
He bears our best loved things away,  
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate;  
He plucks the fairest, sweetest flowers;  
Transplanted into bliss, they now  
Adorn immortal bowers.